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AN

EPISTLE

FROM

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq;

TO

Alderman G. FAULKNER,

With NOTES, &c. by the ALDERMAN and other AUTHORS

Cum ſcurris ſartor.——HOR.

The THIRD EDITION.

DUBLIN:

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BRITISH MUSEUM
30 61
MAY

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great Encouragement I have met with as a Commentator, there being a large Sale of my Edition of Doctor Swift's Works and of the celebrated Epiſtle to Gorges Edmond Howard, going thro' ſix Editions before any Anſwer was made to that polite Letter, and having ſo great a demand for it that nothing but Watſon's Almanac was ever like it, has encouraged me to do the ſame Office for this Work, which is now juſt Publiſhed in its preſent Form, and is dedicated to the Author, the Reverend Doctor Lewis Burroghes, by his obedient Servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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EPISTLE

FROM

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq. *&c.*

MY worthy old Friend, is not this very pretty,
That we who maintain ſuch a Rank in the City,
Without

The Reverend Doctor Lewis Burroghes, Curate of St. Thomas's, Dublin, is the author of this epiſtle. He was bred a Sizer or Servitor, in the College of Dublin, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf very much by his early diſpoſition to write verſes, which appeared by his inſcribing epigrams on moſt of the Fellows trenchers, which he had an opportunity of handling after they had dined thereon. When he was too much hurried to conclude an epigram, which happened ſometimes by the variety of his occupations in taking away the cloth, knives, ſpoons, forks and other eatables, he always filled up what was wanting in verſe by the figure of a gooſe, a gander, or goſling, or ſome other emblematic type or ſhadow, expreſſive of his diſpoſition for ſatire. Being very poor and having no livelihood, he advertiſed himſelf as a private tutor, to inſtruct youth in morality, religion, geography, law, phyſic, natural philoſophy, botany, and the globes, at ten pounds per annum. Being taken into a gentleman's family

Without the leaſt Error, Default or Miſpriſion,

Should thus be made Objects of public Deriſion ?

Set

mily on theſe terms, he was much captivated by the beauty of a young lady who was ſiſter to his pupil, and by the comelineſs of his perſon, being a ſleek man, and remarkably polite in his clothing, he made ſuch a way in this young lady's affections, whoſe fortune was not in her own power, that he ſoon made a conqueſt of her perſon, but being alſo a man of great prudence, in which he was certainly very commendable, he left her to make the beſt of her own folly, thereby conveying a very uſeful leſſon to all frail young women, and which he has often ſaid he hopes (being the ſole reaſon of his doing it) will be a timely warning to prevent other ladies from falling into ſuch ſnares. He afterwards was preferred to a ſmall living in the dioceſe of Derry, where he carried on the proteſtant religion with ſo much zeal againſt papiſts, eſpecially of the Church of Scotland, that he ſuffered divers perſecutions in conſequence thereof, which he bore with the true meekneſs of a chriſtian clergyman, being often kicked, cudgelled, bruiſed, tweak'd by the noſe, and otherwiſe inſulted, which he bore with great humility and patience. Hearing a great character of the Earl of Hertford's adminiſtration, as remarkable for faſts, homilies, penitence and true religion, he propoſed himſelf to his Excellency to write epigrams, to ſupport him againſt Mr. Flood, Brownlow, &c. who were ſeldom ſeen at church, which he did with great ſpirit and ſucceſs, calling them geeſe, ganders, goſlings, aſſes, and other opprobrious fowl and birds, in the Mercury. He was ſo perſecuted for his witty alluſions, that he found it neceſſary to publiſh an advertiſement in my Journal, April 24, 1770, ſwearing thereby on the faith of a chriſtian clergyman, that he had no concern, and never was the author of any production in ſaid paper, and much blaming the printer Hoey, and other gentlemen, for diſcovering that the letter X in ſaid paper, was his property, and that he was the author of many productions therein, which baſe conduct on their parts he reſented ſo highly in this impudent indecent manner, proving a chriſtian clergyman a liar to the ruin of his character, and the great ſcandal of his holy function, that it determined him to write in the Freeman's Journal without the letter X, and as ſeldom as poſſible to mention ganders, geeſe and goſlings. Soon after he was taken into the confidence of a gentleman of great ſenſe and fortune, on Summer-hill, who had near loſt his underſtanding by age and infirmities, and by the many ſpiritual comforts he adminiſtered to him, pretending to be a good Jacobite, and an old tory, in that condition he pre

vailed

Set up like two Cocks fetter'd faſt by the Legs,
Or ſtag'd like two Rogues, to be pelted with Eggs;
Vile Eggs, which, you know, are the uſual Artill'ry
Diſcharg'd upon Culprits expos'd in a Pill'ry!
Shall Men of our Conſequence, Wealth and Condition
Such Treatment endure with a ſervile Submiſſion;

And

vailed on him to ſuppreſs all ties of blood and alliance, and bequeath his fortnne to a ſtranger, inſtead of three very deſerving daughters and their iſſue, who were diſinherited. The Doctors true reaſon for this was not to make himſelf neceſſary to the heir for the ſake of the legacy which was to have been left him, but for the honour of the church, ſhewing it is neceſſary to pay them reſpect in allfamilies, and that though a chriſtian clergyman may be tweaked by the noſe, kicked, cuffed, and buffetted, yet the Church ſhall abide, and the gates of Hell ſhal not prevail againſt it. He hath the happy art of perſuading old ladies who do not think of their ſouls till they are in the other world, to leave legacies in his hands for the poor, which he applieth to the beſt purpoſes, making himſelf and family, otherwiſe poor and diſtreſſed, in a comfortable way thereby, until he is called upon in a public manner, to the ſcandal of the church, when he produceth receipts ſigned after the complaints from which his exemplary life and conduct as heretofore mentioned taketh away all colour. His great genius for poetry has not only appeared in his preaching a ſermon on the fineſt text in Exodus, chap. 33, v. 23, on Chriſtmas day, "I will take away mine hand "and thou ſhalt ſee my back parts, but my face ſhall not be ſeen." but alſo by writing birth days odes, in the manner of Mr. Victor, at the moderate price of half a guinea, poetry and ſtationary ware included.

Set up like two Cocks fetterd faſt by the Legs.]—This alludeth to the cuſtom of throwing at Cocks on Shrove-Tueſdays, which are brought to market with their heads hanging down.—N. B. They are very good for making chicken broth, and particularly uſeful in glyſters.—

And ſilently ſtand, like a Pair of old Ganders,
Unhurt and unmov'd by ſuch inſolent Slanders?
Tho' whilom disjoin'd by a fooliſh Diſſention,
The Cauſes of which it is needleſs to mention;
Yet now, when involv'd in one common Calamity,
Let common Reſentment reſtore us to Amity;
Combining our Forces, for Self-preſervation,
Againſt theſe Diſturbers and Peſts of the Nation;
Who never can hope to eſcape with mpunity,
Provided we act but with Courage and Unity.
But e'er we reſolve on proceeding to Blows,
In Prudence we ought to be ſure of our Foes.
And who, do you think, were the Junto of Writers,
The dull Aunotators, and Dogg'rel enditers,

The

And ſilently ſtand like a pair of old Ganders.]—Ganders are a he Gooſe, which are to be ſeen in company with Ducks, Hens, Peacocks, and other birds of their own gender, in the yards of farmers, and walking about inns, in the country.—Tis remarkable that they never open their lips after they come to a certain age, and bear all kinds of hard names and abuſe without a word, in the way of repartee or anſwer, there is therefore great juſtice in comparing Mr. Howard and me to ſaid animals.

The Witlings employ'd to be-note and be-rhime us,
But Courtney the Scribler and Jephſon the Mimus!
Pert Dennis the Doctor, that ignorant Wight,
And Simcox, whoſe Name I ſhould bluſh to recite;

Courtney the ſcribbler.]—John Courtney Eſq; he is looked upon as a man of ſenſe and book learning, by the Lord Lieutenant, Doctor Leland, Dean Merlay, Captain Jephſon, and other birds of that feather, tho' he hath a very bad character in the Freeman and Hibernian Journal, and the great patriot Doctor Lucas often declared he hated the ſight of him.—He is alſo accuſed of dealing in comical compariſons, Irony and out of the way ſimilitudes in the Mercury, whereby much offence hath been taken by the patriots and other friends to government, for which crimes with great juſtice the Doctor giveth him the ſcandalous title of Courtney the ſcribbler.

Jephſon the Mimus.]—He is thought by ſome prejudiced people, to be a man of fine parts and endowments, that hath lived a great deal with modern wits, lords, ladies, players and other coxcombs, tho' I never ſaw him at any corporation entertainment, or any other place of genteel reſort in the city, nor my nephew Todd neither. He hath ſo wicked a diſpoſition for ridicule, that at the age of twelve, he uſed to imitate members of parliament, lords and other public ſpeakers, in ſuch a manner as to occaſion great miſtakes in families, and would repeat every word of a long ſpeech ſo exactly after he heard it, that it very much offended, and gave great ſcandal to the original proprietor, who did not wiſh that what he ſaid ſhould be remembered. He is alſo a great coward, which is proved by his being ill after the ſiege of Belleiſle, and Mr. Howards reaſons for not cudgelling him. Moſt people pretend to be very fond of him, becauſe they are afraid of his laughing at them, and I was ſo myſelf, till doctor Burroghes convinced me, that he often ridiculed me and my nephew Todd, to the great diſgrace of the whole city, as Doctor Burroghes ſayeth, he doeth to the Lord Lieutenant, after he hath made him drunk and put him off his guard when he is harraſſed with buſineſs; for further particulars how he is a Momus, a liar, a mimic, a coward, a Mimus, a beggar, a buffoon, a dunce and a wit; ſee his Character at larger by the doctor.

Pert Dennis the Doctor.]—He is one of the moſt nefarious, horid, atrocious, wicked, barbarous, deteſtable characters of the preſent age,

With—O my dear George (what I grieve ſhould be ſaid)

Our noble chief Ruler himſelf at their Head!

A Man

age, preaching without book in the pulpit, acting ſergeant Kite, who was ſix foot high when he was a boy in the College, with a lame leg, making ſpeeches to a wig-block that could not anſwer him, and being preferred by the Lord Lieutenant, who might have made more advantage of his living, by beſtowing them on the Reverend Doctor Burroghes, who as he ſayeth of himſelf in the Mercury, printed in the firſt volume of the Batchelor page. "preacheth not barren and "dry morality, but evangelical righteouſneſs, opens and explains the "original ſcriptures, and ſeems to be learned in the ſacred language"—for further particulars ſee his hiſtory in the poem.

Our noble chief Ruler himſelf at their Head!]—G. V. T. L. of I. He had in England the character of an honeſt gentleman, a brave and ſkilful officer, and a man of extraordinary wit and parts, but he has loſt it ſince his being in Ireland, by a continued courſe of the moſt opprobrious conduct, ſetting his face againſt the old ſervants of government, who did the affairs of the nation by wholeſale and retail, and never failed to carry a Lord Lieutenant through the ſeſſions, provided he did not impertinently interfere about his own buſineſs. He recommended the octennial bill, though he knew Mr. P. was an enemy to it, and conſented to a tax of four ſhillings in the pound on abſentees, though many great men in England who never came here, were to loſe a fifth part of their income thereby. He hath likewiſe ruined this kingdom, by procuring a reward for tranſporting Iriſh linen, whereby the price of that neceſſary commodity is ſo encreaſed, and the manufactures at ſo deſperate a pinch, that the wages of the poor weavers is raiſed to an enormous pitch. He is ſo unnatural a father, uncle, kinſman, &c. that he hath never made any proviſion for four ſons, nephews, daughters, nieces or couſins, &c. by any commiſſions, places, reverſions of ſtate offices, biſhoprics or regiments. At a time when a queſtion in the houſe has been depending, he has been known to refuſe a favour to a member of parliament, though ſaid member has at the ſame time threatned to vote againſt him for the good of his country. He is ſo notorious for cowardice that to avoid the danger of being in London or at Richmum in time of war, he went a volunteer on the expedition under General Wolfe, to Canada, at that time the pleaſanteſt part of

America

A Man in his Converſe ſo free and facetious,

On ev'ry Occaſion ſo kind and ſo gracious;

That

America, where being the third in command, and putting ſaid General in the heat of the battle, he contrived to have him killed, in order to make way for General Monckton's being wounded that he might ſign the capitulation himſelf, and have the pleaſure of betraying his country. General Wolfe had ſo bad an opinion of him that in all his letters he mentions him with much reſpect as acting with great ſpirit and diligence, in hopes that he might be recalled, to ſerve his country ſome where elſe, and get himſelf killed as he was like to be by the hands of providence, when an engineer was ſhot dead by his ſide at the battle of Quebec. After his return to Europe he went with great fear and trembling to Germany, becauſe it was the faſhion, where Prince Ferdinand often returned him thanks for his ſervices, which was underſtood by all the officers, to be as much as if he had ſaid your humble ſervant Sir, God be with you, which I am often obliged to do in my own way of dealing, when I am queſtioned about ſpurious advertiſements, deaths of live gentlemen, marriages of batchelors, and other buſineſs foreign to my profeſſion. He ſerved afterwards in Portugal, and was greatly in the eſteem and confidence of Count La Lippe Buckeburgh, who was known to be a great friend to the intereſts of Portugal; and this is much to the diſgrace of Lord T——— d as that court has behaved very ungratefully to England ever ſince, and is in danger of a rupture with our merchants. He was alſo Aid de Camp to the late Duke of Cumberland, in the war before laſt in Flanders, where he kept cloſe to his ſide, in order to be ſafe as his Royal Highneſs, was remarkably careful in not expoſing himſelf to danger, and never got a wound but by accident, and when it might as well have ſhot his Aid de Camp or any body elſe. Beſides theſe miſdemeanors he often walks about the public ſtreets in his boots, without guards, tho' he is told in the Freeman's Journal, and other papers, that he will be knocked in the head if he ventures abroad. He often keepeth his company waiting dinner above three quarters of an hour, and kiſſeth and playeth with his children in the preſence of Archbiſhops, Privy Counſellors, Lords, Earls, and the graveſt men in the nation. He has been often known to laugh before he went into council, and after he came out of it to the great ſcandal of all the battleaxes, mace bearers and others, who are accuſtomed to a more Lord Lieutenant like behaviour in his predeceſſors. He is ſo profound a diſſembler that he will look ſteadily in a gentleman's face for ſome mi-

nutes

That, tho' the Diſcov'ry had come from Apollo,
I ne'er ſhould have thought him ſo baſe and ſo hollow!
But now, when too late, I perceive to my Coſt
My Friendſhip miſplac'd, and my Confidence loſt;
And find that Contempt is the only Reward
I'm likely to gain, from this pitiful Lord;

Who

nutes before he intends to draw his picture, and is ſtrongly ſuſpected to be the natural born ſon of the humerſome Mr. Hogarth, the limner, to whichDr. Burroghes referreth in his appellation of ſon of old Hogarth. He alſo giveth annuities out of his own pocket, with money to old worn out ſerjeants, corporals, private ſoldiers, and other clergymens widows, to the encouragement of beggars in our metropolis. He is alſo a company keeper with Dr. Pompoſo, Capt. Jephſon, Dean Morlay, Mr. Courtney, and other enormities too tedious to inſert. He was ſuch a lover of arbitrary power and the army that he got a national militia eſtabliſhed in England, at which the Duke of Cumberland was ſo enraged that he fell into fat, and died about twelve years afterwards; not to mention that he contrived to paſs an act of parliament for keeping twelve thouſand men in Ireland, whereas the nation always paid for the ſame number before, and thought themſelves very happy in not being troubled with their company when they wanted to make any uſe of them. He alſo obliged Mr. P. to be a door-keeper in the Houſe of Commons, and put Mr. Pery into the chair to affront him, as this gentleman never maketh any miſtakes, and is perfectly acquainted with the orders of the houſe, for the purpoſe of mortifying his predeceſſor. For further particulars ſee his hiſtory at large in the poem.

And find that contempt is the only reward.]—I think myſelf hereby particularly called on to declare my utter abhorrence of this inuendo, and alſo furthermore to atteſt, that I have no act or part, in the aforeſaid epiſtle, and that I ſtrove with all my might to diſſuade Doctor Burroghes therefrom, well foreſeeing the baleful conſequences; his excellency the Lord Lieutenant having always countenanced me with particular marks of his favour, more eſpecially by ſending unto me, twenty dozen of the beſt Madeira wine I ever taſted, which has been no ſmall conſolation unto me in all my various afflictions ſince the publiſhing ſaid epiſtle. Now conſidering my great avocations in law affairs and

agencies

Who, ſo it diverts him, accounts it no Matter
What Characters he and his Colleagues beſpatter;
All Parties and Perſons, the Subject of Gibe,
And Food for Deriſion to him and his Tribe!
E'en they, who regarding his Office and Station,
Have always upheld this Contempt of the Nation,

And

agencies, in writing play-books, law, affidavits about lady Howth and Mr. Edmond Burke; and how little I could do to ſerve his excellency out of parliament; for which ſaid reaſons I ſtood candidate for the city, and loſt my election by bribery, and not corrupting the morals, and giving drink to to my conſtituents, now I do hereby declare that I think myſelf overpaid for all my demands, and do by theſe preſents for aforeſaid reaſons diſcharge, acquit, and releaſe his ſaid excellency from all further obligations, notwithſtanding thoſe falſe charges contained in an uncharitable pamphlet wrote in my name, albeit, it was not wrote nor publiſhed by me which proves the licentiouſneſs of the preſs and the total perverſion of civil liberty.

G. E. Howard.

Even, they who regarding his office and ſtation.]—This is a proper and merited rebuke on the authors of my character, for it is well known, that I am a count of the holy roman empire, and always carry the queen of Hungary's picture in my ſnuff-box. In my own opinion, I wrote ſeveral excellent pamphlets in ſupport of L. Townſhends Adminiſtration, and employed ſix amanuenſes for his ſervice, and proved that he prorogued the parliament, becauſe they rejected the money bill, which was of great advantage to his government on being told that I was miſtaken, and that it was for *the reaſon aſſigned*, which was *illegal* and unconſtitutional, that the parliament was prorogued, I candidly acknowleged my error, and apologized for it, by ſaying that I had not read Poynings act, nor any of the controverſial writings of either ſide; on which Mr. Macklin the player very impudently told me, "that might have been a very good reaſon for not writing at all, "but was a damned bad Apology."—I Juſt mention this to ſhew what infinite prejudice that curſed epiſtle has been to government, in alienating three men of the greateſt abilities from his excellency, viz. Mr. Howard, the reverend Mr. Burroughs, and myſelf.

Caldwell. F. P. S.

And ſtill for his Service their Talents employ,
Are mimick'd by Jephſon, and libell'd by Hoey!
In fact, my Lord Sancho, (for ſo I ſhall ſtile him)
Let who will applaud him, or who will revile him,
Their Foibles and Failings promiſcuouſly blends,
And makes no Diſtinction of Foes or of Friends;
Each ſingular Caſt and Expreſſion of Feature,
Unhappy Defect or Perverſion of Nature,
Dimenſion of Mouths and Extention of Noſes,
This Son of old Hogarth, deſcribes and expoſes;
And all, be aſſured, (for I tell you no Fable)
Muſt ſit for their Pictures, who ſit at his Table;
Where none can be ſafe from that plaguy Utenſil,
That active and terrible Weapon, his Pencil,
Which fatal Quebec can Conviction afford,
He wields with more Spirit and Skill than his Sword!

O George, what an Inſult is this to the Realm,
That ſuch a Buffoon ſhould be plac'd at the Helm!
A Wretch, who, whole Ev'nings, can cloſeted ſit,
With Mimicks and Sycohpants clubbing his Wit!

To Courtney can bring himſelf down to a Level,
With Momus can gibe, and with Donnagh can revel;
Low Donnagh, that Orator juſtly derided,
Who ſpeech'd in a Club, where a Wig-block preſided;
And ſhew'd, by that Proof of his Senſe and Diſcretion
How much he eſteem'd and became his Profeſſion.

Then let the poor Pedagogue make no Apology
For failing to publiſh his promis'd Chronology;
Since all, who remember the Wretch in the College,
Remember him void of all Learning and Knowledge;
And know, that the Creature, with all his Loquacity,
Was never poſſeſſed of the ſmalleſt Capacity,
To pen half a Page, or compoſe half a Section,
With common Propriety, Senſe or Connection.

O! who can forget the ridiculous Sight
The Animal made when he limp'd Serjeant Kite!
Or when at the Caſtle (a Thing more prodigious!)
He put on the Maſk of a Habit religious!
Where all, who beheld him diſguis'd as a Friar,
Quite ſhock'd and aſtoniſh'd ſtood up to admire

An

An Engliſh Divine, without Shame or Compunction,
Degrading his Gown, and diſgracing his Function!

And yet this Contempt and Reproach of his Order,
Whoſe Pulpit-harangues upon Blaſphemy border,
Maintains the chief Place in Lord Sancho's Opinion,
His Confeſſor, Counſellor, Fav'rite and Minion;
Still near him, in Scenes of all public Reſort,
The Droll of his Table, and Wit of his Court;
Where Vice and dull Impudence meet with Promotion,
In pref'rence to Lit'rature, Virtue, Devotion!

'And, O my dear Alderman, what ſhall I ſay
Concerning that long-legged, ſtrolling Abbe,

Who

In preference to literature, virtue, devotion.]—For the doctor's literature, I refer the reader to his hiſtory in my former note, and for his devotion, to his love letters to miſs ———

And O my dear alderman what ſhall I ſay.]—The doctor is doubtful what he ſhall ſay concerning the reverend Dean Marlay dean of Ferns, who hath long legs and is much given to walking upon them. He is ſo vain and ſelf ſufficient that he hardly ever aſked a favour of any man, and he holds long parleys or terms of capitulation with the Lord Lieutenant, when he had better give him ſome ſpiritual advice for the good of his ſoul, of which he hath ſundry opportunities, at levees, public dinners, and in mixed companies. He is ſo light a poet-aſter, that he never wrote one tragedy or epic poem, and he is ſo

flimſy

Who oft with his Excellence holds a long Parley,
The vain, ſelf-ſufficient, ſatirical M—rl—y;
In whoſe Compoſition ſo cloſely combine
The light Poetaſter, and flimſy Divine!
This famous half-laic we frequently meet,
Link'd faſt to ſome Red-coat patroling the Street;
And oft in ſome Nook of the Theatre ſtuck,
May ſee, with his Glaſs, the canonical Buck;
A Vagrant renown'd for his Gibes and his Sneers,
The Friend of low Wits, and Companion of Peers;

flimſy a divine that he is much and unjuſtly admir'd for his preaching, he ſeldom takes a text from the revelations or explains any myſteries which is the true uſe of a chriſtian clergyman. He is not aſhamed of being ſeen walking the ſtreets with the Earl of Anc——m, Captain Sheffington, and Jephſon, and Mr. Packenham, tho' they are officers and wear red coats, and he is ſo ſhort ſighted, that when he goes to a play he is obliged to uſe a glaſs which is very indecent in a clergyman. He is almoſt as notorious for ſneers, gibes and ſatires, as the dean of St. Patricks, which was the worſt vice the dean had and made many enemies thereby. He is ſo much given to ill nature that he hardly ever looketh in my face or my nephew Todd's without laughing, and tho' he is ſo much courted and careſs'd, by great and ſmall, young and old, little and big, tis only a proof that they hate, deteſt, abhor, avoid and abominate him, and wiſh to lead him into ſnares which muſt ſoon end in his ruin, and hath already worn him very thin, and made him a vagrant like Æneas or the wandering Jew.

Strolling abbe.]—Abbés are french clergymen who wear bands when they are undreſſed, and black coats like Dean Marlay. I am told that clergywomen in popiſh countries often wear the ſame habit.

In Public careſs'd by the Great and the Small,
But ſecretly cenſur'd and hated by all.

And ſurely the Man, who, from Choice and Affection,
Could cull out two Chaplains of ſuch a Complexion;
We well may ſuppoſe, without Shame or Remorſe
Might conſtitute Momus, his Maſter of Horſe;
A Varlet, whoſe petulant Freedoms and Lies,
In Juſtice and Honour I ought to chaſtiſe,
Save only, that ſome might reflect upon H—w—rd,
For drubbing ſo mean and ſo noted a Coward.
But leſt what I ſay, ſhould be thought an Aſperſion;
I'll mention a fact to ſupport my Aſſertion.

What Time the proud Spaniard, with France in Alliance,
By haughty Replies, put our Arms to Defiance;
Our Troops, with Alacrity, march'd tow'rds the Main,
Determin'd to humble the Spirit of Spain:

Whe

When lo, our poor Mimic, who lik'd not the Frolic,
Was ſuddenly ſeiz'd with a Fit of the Cholic;
And ſtrictly forbid by his cautious Phyſician,
To venture Abroad in ſo weak a Condition.

Lord Sancho, whoſe Courage is not his chief Merit,
Obſerving in Momus, a ſimilar Spirit,
No doubt, was induc'd with the greater Avidit,
To fix on a Man, of his prudent Timidity;
Whoſe ſoldierly Virtues, ſo very well known,
Might ſerve as a Foil and Defence to his own.

And

Lord Sancho whoſe courage is not his chief merit.]—Among many proofs of cowardice which my uncle hath given in his ſhort hiſtory of the Lord Lieutenant, he forgot to mention another which is very material. Returning on board admiral Saunders from America, the admiral heard off the coaſt of England, that Sir Edward Hawkes fleet was in purſuit of the french, and he propoſed to Lord Townſhend to land him at Plymouth or ſome other place, and to proceed in purſuit of Sir Edward, but Lord Townſhend knowing that he was only a land officer, and that none but ſeamen would be in danger on board in a ſea-fight, inſiſted on not being put on ſhore, as time might be loſt and proceeded with the admiral. This is alſo a proof of his love of ſoft eaſe and averſion to action, as no carriage is ſo eaſy as a man of war, and after a few broad ſides the ſea grows as ſmooth and as calm as a duck-pond. And this I know by going on board a ſhip to the Eaſt-Indies, and returning in the ſame manner to my uncle's houſe in Eſſex-Street.—Thomas Todd.

And Momus, who long, on a ſcanty Commiſſion,
Had liv'd in a ſordid and wretched Condition;
Oft ſtooping to borrow from all that would lend,
And hang for his daily Support on a Friend;
Or, what to a generous Mind muſt be worſe,
Supply with his Jokes, the Defects of his Purſe;
And, finding himſelf by that Conduct a Winner,
Could play the Buffoon—for the Sake of a Dinner:
Now tir'd, and aſham'd of his mendicant Tricks,
And pleas'd with a Proſpect his Fortune to fix;
And hauing beſides, to low Wit and Feſtivity,
By Nature and Habit, a happy Proclivity;
In point of good Policy, could not be loth
To flatter and ſooth the great Patron of both.

Thus, coupled and link'd by the Cauſes recited,
Were Sancho and Momus in Friendſhip united.
A teeming Ivention, of Scandal prolific,
A Genius for Gibing, a Temper pacific;

A Love

A Love of ſoft Eaſe, and Averſion to Action,
Drew each to the other by mutual Attraction.

But what Incitation or Motive in Nature,
Could make my Lord Sancho ſo abject a Creature,
With Courtney, the Scribler, to plod and negociate,
And traffic with Simcox, his ſhabby Aſſociate;
Can only be ſolv'd by his fatal Propenſion,
To cotton with Dunces of ev'ry Dimenſion!

Old

With Courtney the ſcribbler.] For an account of this gentleman ſee my former note.

And traffic with Simcox his ſhabby aſſociate.]—The reverend Mr. Simcox is a clergyman, very negligent in his dreſs, and hath a pock marked face, which doth great prejudice to the chriſtian religion, as it preventeth many converts from becoming proteſtants, whereas the reverend Doctor Burroghes is allowed to be as orthodox in his perſon as he is in his doctrines and practice, this remark was made by the widow Pullein on her death bed—tho' otherwiſe I have heard nothing to the prejudice of ſaid Simcox, who is reckoned a man of good underſtanding and morals.

To cotton with dunces of every dimenſion.]—The largeſt man I ever ſaw was Cornelius Magrath the tall Iriſh youth, who was ſeen for ſixpence a piece at the ſign of the ſceptre and cuſhion in College-green, Dublin. He was a very great dunce and ſo was the little woman who travelled about for a puppet ſhew along with him. This rule doth not always hold, as no body is more cute than myſelf and the Earl of Cheſterfield, who is remarkable for not being of large dimenſions.

Old Sancho, that Rules recorded by Fame,
From whom our Great Viceroy deduces his Name;
Poſſeſs'd as a Governor, Talents and Pow'rs,
Which render'd him vaſtly ſuperior to ours.
For ſay, can Lord T—nſ—d with Sancho compare,
In ruling the Iſland conſign'd to his Care?
Maintaining Decorum, ſupporting his Dignity,
And acting with Juſtice, as well as Benignity?
And yet we muſt own, that his Lordſhip was ever,
In certain Reſpects, more diſtinguiſhed and clever.
For not to extol his good Senſe, to connive at
And ſuffer, all Inſults both public and private;
Our Sancho by far Sancho Pancha ſurpaſſes,
In loving good Fare, and in Fondneſs for Aſſes!
For Pancha, who long had been ſav'd by his Pony,
In point of pure Gratitude made him his Crony,

And

For Pancho who long had been ſerved by his Pony.]—Pony is a Welſh horſe which the doctor calleth the aſs that Sancho rode on, for he is always

And thought with good Reaſon, that this was the leaſt,
He ow'd to ſo kind and ſo uſeful a beaſt;
But T—nſ—d, whoſe ſocial Regards are leſs bounded,
With every low brute of the kind is ſurrounded;
And tho' the vile Herd could a Kingdom devour,
Provides for them all, to the beſt of his Pow'r,
For, not to reflect on his pious Intentions,
To load this poor Iſland with Places and Penſions;
His hatching new Schemes, to ſupply him with Boons,
For all his low Paraſites, Wits and Buffoons;
Yet ſurely his Bounty and Grace have conferr'd
Already too much on the infamous Herd,

For

always very ſatirical on men and beaſts, calling them aſſes, whenever he is angry. He once preached an excellent ſermon that on the ſubject of Balaam's aſs, proving with great learning and ingenuity in the original ſcriptures, it was not a jack aſs, as the learned Rabbis and Stackhouſe thinketh, but a ſhe one that Balaam beat ſo cruelly, becauſe ſhe did not furniſh him with a proper quantity of milk, ſhe being in foal, when he was in the laſt ſtage of a galloping conſumption I myſelf have beheld theſe animals carrying tinkers children about the country, they are not uſed in ſtate coaches, carts or waggons at preſent.

For has he not (take the whole Junto together)
Set Momus on Horſeback to ride—you know whither!
Appointed dull Courtney a Barrack-inſpector,
Made Simcox a Vicar, and Donnagh a Rector
And ſhortly, perhaps, may adorn with a Mitre
The Skull of POMPOSO, that wonderful Writer

Who

Set momus on horſeback to ride you know whither.]—This alludeth to the famous old ſaying, ſet a beggar on horſeback and he'll ride to the Devil. This is one of the moſt beautiful lines in the whole poem, containing a ſevere ſatire on Captain Jephſon, and a fine reference to the proverb which I have explained for the ſatisfaction of the reader as the meaning is not immediately obvious.

The Skull of Pompoſo that wonderful Writer.]—Pompoſo is a name given to Doctor Samuel Johnſon, who, notwithſtanding he publiſhed the Engliſh Dictionary, is not ſuppoſed to know more grammar than the Rev. Doctor whom our poet ſatirizes. His books being the life of Philip of Macedon, Tranſlations of Demoſthenes, a Diſſertation on the principles of Human Eloquence, and a Controverſy with Warburton Biſhop of Gloſter, though they are in much eſteem, and bought and read by all ſcholars and men of letters in both kingdoms, yet as Dr. Burroghes ſays, they are not wrote in good grammar, which will ſtop their future character, and he is ſo wrong headed that tho' my ſhop in Parliament-ſtreet, is as well known as the king's highway, Eſſex-bridge, or any other celebrated thorough-fare in Europe, yet he has preferred to publiſh an Hiſtory of Ireland in London, which throweth a great reflection on his native country, and is as much as to ſay that printing is done better in London than in Dublin. For further particulars ſee his own works, particularly his controverſy with Biſhop Warburton.

Who learn'd, without Grammar his Thoughts to convey
And chatter Law-latin more glib than a Jay;
His knowledge ſo deep, that no Science can ſound,
Nor Intellect fathom the frothy Profound!

How wretched the Man, who like Sancho, depends,
On ſuch a low Set of ſelf-intereſted Friends
Still loads them with Favours, and ſtill for his Pains,
Is held in Contempt by the Crew he ſuſtains!
Nay more, by the Creatures (oh horrid Diſgrace)
Is often derided, and mock'd, to his Face!
For ſurely a Fact long reported by many,
Can now be no longer a Secret to any;

And chatter law latin more glib than a Jay.]—I knew a Jay, that lived in an attorney's family in Thomas-ſtreet, who had a whole affidavit in law latin by heart, by hearing the attorney tutoring a client to prove himſelf a witneſs to Acheſon Moore, Eſq; of Revelle's will, in which the Rev. Doctor Burroghes was greatly concerned.

Nor intellect fathom the frothy profound.]—This alludeth to a quart of porter or a barber's baſon, which is all froth at the top, and very deep to the bottom, ſo that the longeſt noſe cannot fathom it. It is very entertaining to ſee a young lady who hath ſcarce a hair upon her chin, plonging, diving and emerſing herſelf into a quart of porter, whereby barbers would be apt to make a miſtake and put a towel under her chin in order to proceed to ſhaving her beard. This accident happened once to a niece of my own, who underwent the operation which occaſioned a beard and other misfortunes too tedious to mention.

That Momus whoſe inſolence never knew bound,
But ſpreads and improves, as the Bottle goes round;
When finding Lord Sancho exhauſted and harraſs'd
With Wine over charg'd or by Bus'neſs embarraſs'd,
Expoſes his Follies, with ſo much ſeverity,
Such high Ridicule, and ſuch comic Aſperity,
As renders his Lordſhip, when us'd with this Rigour,
A truly-diſtreſſing and pitiful Figure!

O Sancho, how great and how ſhameful the Crime,
Amid Diſſipation to ſquander your Time;
The higeſt Indignities tamely abiding,
Derided by Dunces, and Dunces deriding!
Your boaſted Aſcendancy, gain'd with ſuch Coſt,
Thus vilely employ'd, you unwittingly loſt;

Nor

Your boaſted aſcendancy gain'd with ſuch coſt.]—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, had a conſiderable majority in parliament at the opening of the preſent ſeſſions, but like a bad politician not ſuſpecting the good ſenſe of gentlemen who promiſed from the beginning to ſupport his meaſures, he neglected to make them a gratification for every queſtion, by which many members who promiſed to be his friends voted

Nor knew, when you ſat with your Mimicks diverted,
Your Foes had prevail'd, and your Friends had deſerted;
Deſerted a Man, to his Party ungrateful;
A Man, whoſe Miſconduct makes Government hateful
A Man, whom no worthy or noble Incentive
Can rouze to his Duty, or render Attentive;
So abjectly mean, that he counts it no fault,
To act without Spirit, and live without Thought.

Tho'

red againſt him, to the great ſatisfaction of Mr. P——y, and the Freeman's Journal; and would be a particular pleaſure to Doctor Lucas, but that he was prevented by dying, from being in the world at preſent. N. B. I gave him a very fine character in my Journal, and alſo in my former notes on the Epiſtle to Mr. Howard, to which, I refer the candid reader.

Deſerted a man to his party ungrateful.]—The Lord Lieutenant is ſo ungrateful to his friends, that he will not give them the pleaſure of making a promiſe till he is ſure of performing it, which giveth great offence to many members who are accuſtomed to the obliging manners of Mr. P—n—y who never refuſed any thing that was aſked of him, tho' he was ſure he cou'd not perform it. This I am told was alſo the conſtant practice of the late Duke of Newcaſtle, who made more friends thereby than any man in England, and was ſo much reſpected that it became a ſaying, 'tis as ſure as if the Duke of Newcaſtle promiſed it, as we ſay of a merchant or banker of credit, tis as ſure as Ben. Burton.

Tho' happy Hbernia moſt ſenſibly feels,
It was not your Lordſhip diſpos'd of the Seals;
Yet he, poſſeſſes that eminent Truſt,
A man ſo judicious, diſcerning and juſt;
Had made thee more wiſe, could thy Folly and Pride,
Have deign'd to make choice of ſo prudent a Guide.
But now, it were needleſs and vain to require,
His Aid and Direction, when doom'd to retire;
When doom'd, from the Land you oppreſs, to depart,
With guilt in your Viſage, and grief at your Heart.

But ſtill, peradventure, Lord Sancho ſuppoſes,
He yet may contend, and may yet reckon Noſes;

Still

It was not your Lordſhip diſpoſ'd of the ſeals.]—Tis well known that the Lord Lieutenant did every thing in his power to make the Lord Chancellor of an Iriſhman, which made him for ſome time very unpopular, becauſe there being four or five gentlemen who were well qualified for the office, it would have made enemies of all the kingdom, who were not Lord Chancellors.

He yet may contend and may yet reckon noſes.]—The doctor hereby referreth, to the old cuſtom of formerly reckoning members of parliament in voting by their noſes, but as this occaſioned divers miſtakes, when

Still fondly imagines, that Hely and Phil,
His pow'r may ſupport, let him act as he will;
Nay haply may think, that he cannot miſcarry,
Suſtain'd by the Shoulders of worthy Sir Harry:
But Hely and Phil, who, for ſometime unaided,
Have drawn in the Traces, appear to be jaded,
And Harry, who ſeems the vile Office to loath,
Will ſhortly depoſit his Burthen at Howth,
And, there when it's left, may expect to procure,
For all his paſt Kindneſs,—a Caricature.

when the tellers were not ſharp ſighted enough and could not ſee thoſe members that had ſmall, or no noſes, and ſometimes reckoned thoſe who had large ones for two, it was therefore aboliſhed, and members are nowcounted by their bodies which is generally larger, and preventeth all confuſion.—A particular Act of Parliament was made in favour of the noſe, called the Coventry Act, to prevent its being cut off and other accidents with impunity.

I have with great care and the aſſiſtance of my friends, explained all the difficult paſſages of this poem, and ſhall conclude with giving the public a collection of epigrams, formerly printed in the Mercury, by the reverend Doctor Burroghes, with the reference to each, as they will afford a more humorous and witty entertainment, than any further obſervations I can make at preſent,

Batchelor, No. 17.

Nor doth the power to hiſs and ſlander,
Exceed the genius of a gander.

Batchelor 1 V. Page 62.

A Gooſe in the oven! no Sir its a ſlander,
As ſome who diſcovered the fact can declare,
For it was not a gooſe, but you a poor gander,
(As fools will be peeping) who truſt your head there.

X.

Batchelor No. 25, Page 105.

The great Doctor Phlogos has publiſhed an order
That Counſellor Goſlin ſhall be our Recorder.

X.

An Epigram on reading the above.

We'er threatned by Phlogos with an action of ſlander,
For calling his fav'rite the ſon of a gander,
In anſwer to which we ſhall plead no excuſe
But ſhew that the Doctor himſelf is a gooſe,
So he and his goſlin as birds of a feather
May both, when they pleaſe, bring their actions together.

X.

Another puniſhment propoſed after the gander.

Batchelor V. 1ſt, P. 69.

Heigh ho! that wicked bird produce
The gander that defamed the gooſe.

X.

Another Epigram.

How ſhall we uſe the wicked gander,
That goes about retailing ſlander,
Why ſince in ſcandal he delights
Let him read all that Phlogos writes.

X.

Beſides the above already printed in the Mercury, the Doctor hath ſent me the following, on the ſuppoſed authors of the epiſtle to Mr. Howard, which I now publiſh no leſs for a puniſhment to thoſe gentlemen, than to ſhew in how many different ways the Doctor can ſay the ſame thing and mention that noxious animal a gooſe.

On the Lord L— ——t.

Lord Sancho not knowing the price of our goods,
And thinking our wits had a wool gathering gone,
Made a purchaſe of poultry in one of his moods
But found many ganders inſtead of a ſwan.

X.

On the Rev. Dean M——l——.

Dean M——l——y reſembling a long legged gander,
Patrolleth our ſtreets ſtill retailing of ſlander,
A white wigg'd Abbé full of gibes and of ſneers,
To pleaſe a low ſet of contemptible peers.

X.

On Captain Jephſon,

Lo Jephſon the Mimus, and pitiful Momus,
The maſter of horſe to the revelling Comus,
To gibe and to ſlander he ſets himſelf looſe,
And rails at his friends like a petulant gooſe.

X.

On Dr. Pompoſo.

Pompoſo like a quart of porter
Profound in froth and legal latin,
Is now a favourite at our court here,
And ſoon may add lawn ſleeves to ſatin.
His way to fame by gooſe's quill
Inſtead of nobler weapon makes,
And if you liſten to him ſtill
Priſcian complains whene'er he ſpeaks.

X.

On Mr. Courtney.

Dull Courtney the ſcribbler and vile poetaſter,
A barrack inſpector, or poor quarter-maſter,
As green as a goſlin in genius and wit
To write for Hoey's paper he only is fit.

X.

On Doctor Dennis.

Poor Dennis who once to a wig-block recited,
And old Serjeant Kite with a lame leg out-kited,
By Sancho preferred of immortal renown,
Inſtead of gooſe feathers may lie upon down.

X.

On the Rev. Mr. Simcox.

Simcox tho' ſhabby once and bare
In wig without one crooked hair;
Now thro' the pariſh rows in ſtate,
Fond a proud gooſe to emulate.

X.

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F I N I S.